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LITTLE ELLIE,

And other Tales.

BY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Little Ellie.

THERE was once upon a time a young woman, and she was so kind, so sweet-tempered, that every body loved her. Among the rest there was an old witch who lived near where she dwelt, and with whom she was a great favorite. One day

she went to the old witch, and said to her: "I would give anything to have a nice little child of my own: do but tell me how to accomplish my wish!"

"Oh! we'll soon manage that!" replied the old witch. "Look ye here at this barley-corn! It is not like those that grow in the fields, or what the fowls are fed with. This you must plant in a flower-pot, and then wait and see what will happen."

"A thousand thanks!" said the other, putting some silver in the witch's hand. She then went home and planted the barley-corn as the old woman had told her. A beautiful large flower soon shot up out of the flower-pot, but its leaves were all closed like buds that were soon to open.

"What a beautiful flower!" said the wife, at the same time kissing the red and yellow leaves; but scarcely had she pressed her lips on the flower, when there was a loud report, and the calix opened. She now saw that it was a real tulip, and in the middle of the cup sat, on the still green seed-stalk, a charming little maiden, so delicate and

lovely, and yet that was only an inch high; on which account she gave her the name of "Ellie."*

She made the baby a cradle out of a polished walnut-shell, gave her blue violets as mattress, and a rose-leaf for counterpane. In this cradle little Ellie slept at night; by day she played on the table. Here a plate full of water was placed, surrounded by a garland of flowers that dipped their stems in the water: in the middle, a large tulip-leaf was swimming, and on this Ellie was to sit, and to sail from one side of the plate to the other; and two white horse-hairs served as oars to row her boat with. All this looked exceedingly pretty; besides, Ellie could sing, and with so sweet a voice that the like nobody ever had heard.

* This tale is called "Ellise" in the original; a name given to the beautiful daughters of the fairy-people in the mythology of the North. As, however, to the English reader the word would not have conveyed the original idea of a diminutive being, I preferred giving the story the title I have.—The Translator.

One night, as she lay in her nice little bed, an ugly, yellow toad hopped in through the broken window-pane. The creature was large and ugly, and jumped right upon the table where Ellie lay asleep under the rose-leaf.

"Why that would be a pretty wife for my son," said the toad; then it seized with its mouth the nutshell in which Ellie was, and hopped with it through the window into the garden.

Here was a large piece of water, but the banks were marshy; and there the toad and her son lived. Faugh! how ugly the son was! all spotted with green and yellow, just like his mother; and all he had to say when he saw the pretty little maiden in the nutshell was, "Croak! Cr-rr-oa-oa-k! Cr-r-r-oak!"

"Don't speak so loud," said his mother: "If you do, she may wake up and escape, for she is lighter than swans' down. We will take her out on the river and put her on the leaf of a water-lily; to her that will be a large island; and thence she cannot

escape; and we, meanwhile, will build a festal hall below in the mud, where you two shall live together."

Innumerable plants were growing in the water, with their broad green leaves looking as though they floated on the stream. The one that grew farthest off was at the same time the largest, and thither the old toad swam, and set the walnut-shell with the little maiden upon it.

Poor little Ellie awoke early on the following morning; and when she looked about her and saw where she was, that her new dwelling was surrounded with water, and that there was no possible way by which she could get to land, she began to weep bitterly.

The old toad sat, meanwhile, in the marsh, and decorated the hall with reeds and the leaves of the water-lily, so that it might look nice for her future daughter-in-law; and then, in company with her frightful son, she swam to the island lily-leaf, where Ellie was. They wanted to fetch her pretty little bed, that it might at once be

placed in the chamber before Ellie herself came there.

The old toad bowed most politely to her in the water, at the same time that she introduced her son with the words—"Here you behold my son; he is to be your husband; and you both can live together delightfully down below there in the mud!"

"Cr-oa-oa-oa-k! Cr-oa-oa-oa-k! Breckke-kek!" was all the bridegroom could find to say in reply.

On this they both took the charming little bed and swam away with it; but Ellie sat alone on the leaf and cried, for she could not bear to live with the ugly toad of a mamma, and still less to have her hideous son for a husband. The little fishes that swam below in the water had probably seen the toad, and heard what she said; for they put up their heads that they might have a look at the little maiden. As soon as they had seen her, they were touched by her beauty, and they were very sorry that such a charming little damsel should become

the prey of a nasty toad. They therefore assembled round the green stem on which the leaf grew where Ellie was, and gnawed it in two with their teeth; and now leaf and Ellie, slowly and gently, floated down the stream, far away out of reach of the toad.

Thus the little maiden sailed along, past towns and villages; and when the birds on the trees perceived her, they sang aloud, "Oh, what a charming little maid!" But away, away floated the leaf, always further and further; Ellie was making quite a foreign voyage upon it.

Then there came a small white butterfly, and after fluttering about a long time, settled at last on her leaf, because Ellie pleased him; she, too, was glad of the visit; for she knew it would be impossible for the toad to overtake her now. The country she passed through was very beautiful; and the sun shone on the water, making it glitter like gold. It now entered her head to take off her girdle, and bind one end of it to the butterfly, and the other to the leaf;

so that it went along much quicker, and she got more expeditiously through the world, and saw a great deal more of its beauties and wonders.

As she was thus sailing along so charmingly a cockchafer flew by, who laid hold of her thin waist with his long nippers, and flew away with her up into a tree, while the leaf of the water-lily, that was obliged to follow the butterfly, floated on; for Ellie had bound him so firmly that he could not get loose.

Oh, how frightened was poor Ellie when the cockchafer flew away with her into the tree! She was, too, so sorry for the little butterfly, who now would perish, unless he could liberate himself from her girdle and the green leaf.

But all this did not trouble the chafer; he put her down on a large leaf, gave her honey to eat, which had been gathered from the flowers, and told her she was quite charming, although she was not at all like a chafer.

Before long all the other cockchafers that

lived in the tree made their appearance, and paid their respects to Ellie, stared at her from head to foot, while the young-lady chafers turned up their feelers and said, "She has but two legs; and that looks very wretched. She has no feelers either," said they; "and is, moreover, as small round the waist as a human being! It's very ugly, I declare! it is really hideous!" cried out all the young-lady chafers at once. And yet our sweet Ellie was really the most engaging little being imaginable.

And so the cockchafer that had carried her off thought too; but because all the lady chafers said she was ugly, he began at last to think so himself, and therefore would have nothing more to say to her; she might go where she chose, he said; and with these words he flew with her over the ground, and set her on a daisy.

The poor thing wept, because she was so ugly that not even a cockchafer would have anything to do with her. But, despite the opinion of the young-lady chafers, which was certainly a very important one, Ellie

was the most lovely little creature in the world, as delicate and beautiful as a young rose-leaf.

All that long summer poor Ellie lived quite alone, in the large forest. She wove herself a bed of fine grasses, which she then hung up under a burdock-leaf, that it might not be washed away by the rain. For food she gathered the honey from the flower-cups; and she drank the fresh dew that every morning stood in glittering drops upon the leaves.

Thus passed the summer and autumn; but now came the cold long winter. All the birds that had sung so prettily to Ellie forsook her now; the trees lost their foliage, the flowers faded, and the large burdock-leaf, which hitherto had served her for shelter, shrunk together, till nothing but a dry yellow stalk was left, and she was so cold, for her clothes were in rags; and she herself was so delicate and small! Poor Ellie shivered; she was almost frozen to death!

It began, too, to snow, and every flake

that struck her was as much to her as a whole shovel-full would be for us, her whole body being only an inch long. To protect herself from the weather, she wrapped herself up in a dead leaf; but there was no warmth in it, and she trembled from head to foot with cold.

Close to the wood where Ellie lay was a large corn-field; but the corn had long been cut, and only the dried stubble now stood above the ground; but to Ellie this was a wood, and hither she came. So she chanced to arrive at the house of a field-mouse, which consisted of a little hole among the roots of the corn-stubble. Here, warm and comfortable, dwelt the field-mouse; she had her whole room stored full of corn for the winter; and besides it a nice little kitchen and larder. Poor Ellie approached the door like a little beggar child, and prayed for a morsel of barley-corn to eat; for she had tasted nothing for two whole days.

"Poor little thing!" said the field-mouse, who was very good-hearted; "come into

my warm room, and eat some of my bread." And as Ellie pleased her, she said, "Perhaps you would like to pass the winter in my house; but then you must keep my room clean, and tell me fairy tales to amuse me; for that is what I like more than any thing." Ellie did what the good mouse required, and in return had a very comfortable life.

"We shall soon have visitors," said the field-mouse to her one day, soon after Ellie was settled in her place. "My neighbor usually pays me a visit once a-week. He lives in much grander style than I; for he has many splendid chambers, and wears costly fur. If you could get him for a husband, you were then well provided for; however, his sight is not very good. But you must not fail to tell him the prettiest stories, and sing for him the most touching songs, that you know."

But Ellie would listen to nothing of the sort; for she could not bear the sight of their neighbor, because he was a mole. He really did come to pay the mouse a

visit; and, true enough, had on fur as soft as velvet. He was very rich and very learned, the field-mouse said; and his house was more than twenty times larger than hers. As to his being learned, there was not a doubt about it; but he detested the sun and the gay flowers, and spoke of both with contempt, though he had never seen either.

Ellie was obliged to sing to him; so she sang two songs, "Fly away, lady-bird, fly away home!" and "The priest goes to the field!" Her beautiful voice so pleased the mole, that he fell in love with her; but he took good care not to show it; for he was a most sensible personage.

A short time before, he had made a long passage from his dwelling to that of his neighbor; and he now gave Ellie and the mouse permission to walk in it as often as they pleased. He begged them, at the same time, not to be frightened at the dead bird that lay at the entrance. It was, no doubt, a bird that had just died; for it had all its feathers on, and seemed to have been

buried at the spot where the mole had built his gallery.

Neighbor mole then took a bit of touch-wood in his mouth, for it shines just like fire in the dark, and went before to light them through the dark passage; and when he came to the spot where the dead bird lay, he gave the earth a push with his snout, so that the mould rolled down and made a large opening, through which the daylight fell.

Ellie could now see the dead bird quite well—it was a swallow. Its pretty wings were pressed close to its body, and its feet and head drawn back under the feathers.

"The poor bird is certainly frozen to death," said Ellie; and she was heartily sorry for the poor animal, for she loved birds dearly, because they had sung to her the whole summer long.

But the mole gave it a push with his foot, and said, "There is an end of all his fine singing now! It really must be a wretched existence to be a bird! Thank heaven, my children won't be birds. Why, such a poor

feathery thing has nothing in the world except his 'chirp,' 'chirp,' and when winter comes he must starve."

"Yes, indeed, you may well say that," replied the mouse. "And with all his fine 'chirp,' 'chirp.' what has a bird got when winter is come? Starvation and cold, that's all? But that I suppose is thought very grand."

Ellie was silent; but when the others turned their backs, she bent over the bird, put aside the feathers which lay over its head, and kissed its closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was you who sang me such pretty songs," thought she. "How often have you delighted me, my dear, beautiful bird!"

The mole then stopped up the opening again through which the daylight had entered, and escorted the two ladies home. But Ellie could not sleep that night. She got up out of bed, platted a mat of hay, carried it to where the .dead bird was, spread it over him, and covered him up on every side with soft cotton, which she had

found in the field-mouse's parlor, that he might rest more warmly than on the cold earth.

"Farewell, pretty little bird," said she, "farewell! and many thanks for your friendly song last summer, when all the trees were green, and the sun shone down upon us all so warmly!"

Then she laid her little head on the bosom of the bird, but she was sadly frightened; for it seemed to her as if something moved within. It was the heart of the bird, who was not dead, but only lay benumbed, and came to life again when penetrated by the warmth.

In autumn the swallows fly to warm countries, but when there is a weakling among them, which tarries behind until the winter sets in, it becomes benumbed with the cold, so that it falls to the ground and lies in a torpid state till the chill snow covers it.

At first Ellie was frightened when the bird began to move, for compared to her he was a giant; but she soon took courage,

tucked in the covering all around the exhausted creature, and then fetched the mint leaf which had hitherto served her as a pillow, in order to put it over the poor bird's head.

The following night she again stole away to the swallow, whom she now found quite revived, but still so weak that he could only open his eyes a few times to look at Ellie, who held a bit of touchwood in her hand that she might see his face.

"A thousand thanks, you pretty little child," said the sick swallow. "I am so warmed through, that I shall soon recover my strength, and be able to fly out again into the warm sunshine."

"Oh, it is still much too cold out of doors," answered Ellie. "It snows and freezes still. You must stay in your warm bed, and I will nurse you and take care of you."

She now brought the bird some water in a leaf, which he drank; and he told her how he had hurt his wings with some brambles so much that he was not able to

fly away to the warm countries with his companions, but had fallen exhausted to the earth, and had lost all power of recollection, so that it did not know how it had come there.

The little swallow remained here the whole winter, and Ellie tended him and liked him better and better every day; but she told the mole and the field-mouse nothing of the matter, for she knew very well that neither of them could bear the poor bird.

As soon as summer was come and the genial rays of the sun penetrated the earth, the swallow bade Ellie farewell; for she had opened the hole in the ground through which the mole had let in the light. The sun shone so cheerily that the swallow asked his faithful nurse if she would not fly away with him. She might sit on his back, and then they would fly away together to the wood. But Ellie thought it would grieve the old field-mouse if she were to leave her in secret, and therefore she felt obliged to decline the kind invitation of the swallow.

"Farewell, then, good little maiden," said the swallow, and flew off into the pleasant sunshine. Ellie looked after him sorrowfully, and tears came into her eyes; for she liked the friendly bird very much, and was sorry to part from him. She felt quite forlorn now he was gone.

"Chirup! chirup! chirup!" sang the swallow, and flew away toward the green wood.

Ellie was now very sad, for she was not allowed to go out of the dark hole to enjoy the warm sunshine. The corn grew up above her, and formed quite a thick wood before the dwelling of the field-mouse.

"You can employ the summer in getting your wedding-clothes ready, and what you want in housekeeping," said the mouse; for her neighbor, the tiresome mole, had really proposed for Ellie.

"I will give you all you want, both woollen and linen," said the mouse, "so that you may have a house full when you are the wife of the mole."

So Ellie was obliged to spin at the bobbins,

and the field-mouse hired four spiders that were forced to weave day and night. Every evening the mole came to pay a visit, and always spoke of his wish that summer would soon be over, that there might be an end of the heat; and when winter should come, then was to be the wedding. But Ellie was not at all glad; for she could not bear the sight of the ugly mole, though his fur was as rich and soft as velvet.

Morning and evening she stole to the door; and when the breeze blew the ears of corn apart, and she could see the blue sky, she thought it was so beautiful and bright out there in the open air, and she wished with all her heart that she might see the little swallow once again. But no swallow came; he was, no doubt, enjoying the warm sunshine far away in the green wood.

As autumn approached, Ellie was ready with her wedding-things.

"In four weeks you will be married," said the old field-mouse; but Ellie wept,

and said she would not have the tiresome mole for a husband.

"Fiddle de dee!" answered the field-mouse. "Don't be refractory, or I shall give you a bite with my sharp teeth; is not your future husband a very handsome man? Even the Queen has not such a dress of beautiful velvet fur to show as he has! His larder and cellar are full, and you may thank your stars that you can be so well provided for."

Now, then, was to be the wedding! The mole was already come to fetch Ellie, who in future was to live with him deep under the earth, where no sunbeam could ever penetrate. The poor thing was quite melancholy at the thought of taking leave of the dear sun, which, as long as she was with the field-mouse, she could at least see from the door; and she begged so hard, that the mouse gave her leave to go out and see it for the last time.

"Farewell, beloved sun!" said she, raising her hands to the sky, and advancing some steps from the house; for the harvest

was over, and the dry stubble again on the field. "Farewell! farewell!" repeated she, and twined her arms round a little flower that stood near her. "Remember me to the swallow if you should chance to see him."

"Chirrup! chirrup! chirrup!" resounded at the same moment; and when Ellie lifted up her eyes, she saw the very same well-known swallow fly by. As soon as the bird perceived Ellie, he instantly flew to his kind nurse, who told him how unwilling she was to take the ugly mole for her husband; and that she was to live with him under-ground, where the sun and moon would never shine. At these words she burst into tears.

"Winter will soon be here," said the swallow, "and I shall fly far away to the warm countries. If you will travel with me, I will willingly take you on my back. You have only to bind yourself on firmly with your girdle, and off we will fly far away from the hateful mole and his dark chamber, over mountain and valley, to

those beautiful lands where the sun shines much more warmly than here; where ceaseless summer reigns, and bright flowers are always blooming. Take courage, and fly with me, good little Ellie; you who saved my life when I lay frozen and almost dead on the earth!"

"Yes, I will fly with you," exclaimed Ellie joyfully. She mounted on the back of the swallow, supported her feet on his wings, fastened herself by her girdle to a strong feather, and flew away with him high over woods and lakes, over valley and mountain. When they passed over icy or snowy glaciers, Ellie often felt cold; but then she crept under the feathers of the bird, covered herself all over, and only put out her head to admire all the wonders below her.

At last they arrived in the warm countries. There the sun shone brighter than with us; the sky was as high again, and on walls and palings grew the finest blue and green grapes. Ripe oranges and citrons hung in the groves, and the fragrance of myrtles

and of jasmine rose in the air, while lovely children played about with the most brilliantly painted butterflies. But the swallow flew further and further, and beneath them the country became always more and more beautiful.

On the banks of a lake, amid magnificent acacias, stood a marble palace, built in long-past days. Vines twined themselves round its columns, on which, high above, many swallows' nests were hanging. Into one of these nests the swallow carried Ellie.

"Here is my home," said he; "but do you seek out one of the loveliest flowers that grow yonder for your dwelling; then I will carry you thither, and you shall make yourself as comfortable as you please; your every wish shall be readily and cheerfully fulfilled."

"Oh, that will be delightful indeed!" exclaimed Ellie, and clapped her little hands with joy.

On the ground lay a large white marble pillar, that had fallen down, and was broken in three pieces; but between each fragment

the most beautiful white flowers grew luxuriantly.

The swallow flew with Ellie to one of these flowers, and set her down on a broad leaf; but how astonished was Ellie when she saw that in the flower a little mannikin was sitting, as delicate and transparent as glass. He wore a small golden crown on his head, and the most beautiful bright wings on his shoulders; and he was not a whit larger than Ellie herself. This was the sylph of the flower. In each flower dwelt such a little man with his wife; but this was the king of all the sylphs of the flowers.

"Oh, how handsome this king is!" whispered Ellie in the swallow's ear. The little prince started at the sudden arrival of the great bird; but when he saw Ellie he became enamored of her, for she was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. Then he took off his golden crown, set it on Ellie's head, and asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and so become queen of all the flowers.

Now that, to be sure, was a different sort of husband to the son of the ugly toad, or the tiresome mole with the costly fur! So Ellie said "Yes" to the little prince; and then a lady appeared, and then a gentleman, out of all the other flowers, so lovely, that it was quite a pleasure to see them, and each of them brought a present to Ellie. The best gift that was offered her was a pair of beautiful white wings, which were fastened on her shoulders immediately; and now she too could fly from flower to flower—that was such a delight!

The joy was universal. The little swallow sat on high in his nest, and sang as well as he could, though he was very sad; for he had a great affection for Ellie, and did not wish to part from her.

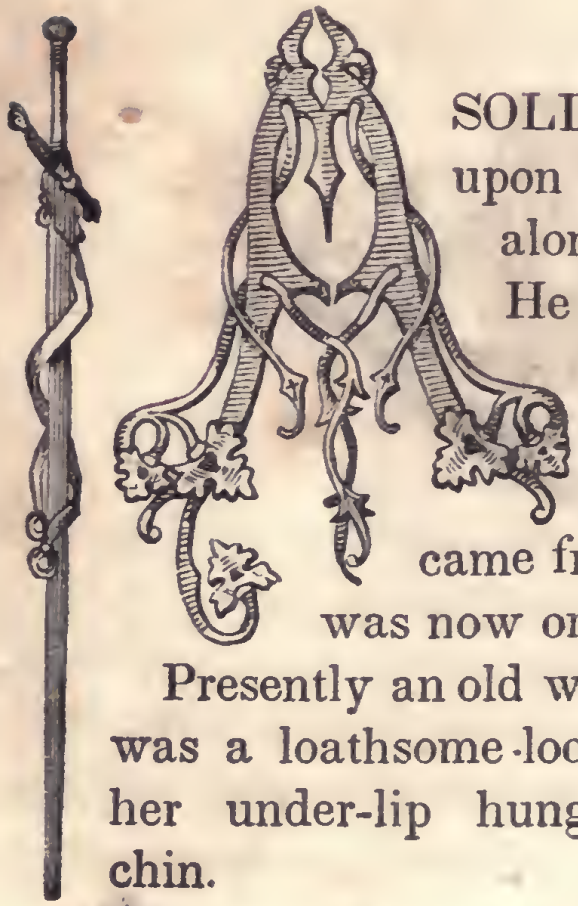
"You shall not be called Ellie any longer," said the sylph; "for that is not a pretty name, and you are so very beautiful. Henceforward we will call you Maia."*

"Farewell, farewell!" cried then the little swallow, and flew away again from the

* Maria.

warm land, far, far away; off to little Denmark, where he has his nest just over the window of the room in which dwells the poet who can tell delightful tales, and there sings to him his "Chirrup! chirrup! chirrup!" It was he who told us the whole of this wonderful story.

The Tinder-Box.



A SOLDIER, came once upon a time, marching along on the highway. He had his knapsack upon his back, and his sword by his side; for he came from the wars, and was now on his way home.

Presently an old witch met him; she was a loathsome-looking creature; for her under-lip hung down over her chin.

"Good evening, soldier!" said she. "What a beautiful sword you have there, and what a fine large knapsack! You look truly like a brave soldier; and therefore you shall have as much money as you can wish for!"

"Thank ye, old witch!" replied the soldier. "That would be very acceptable indeed."

"Do you see that great tree yonder?" asked the witch, pointing to a stout oak that stood by the wayside. "That tree is quite hollow; and if you will climb up to the top, you will see a hole in the trunk, through which you can slide down and get to the very bottom of the tree. I will tie a rope round your body, so that I may be able to pull you up to the top again when you call."

"And what nave I to do down there at the bottom of the tree?" asked the soldier.

"To fetch money, to be sure! What else do you think!" continued the witch. "But you must know, that when you have got to the bottom of the oak, you will find

yourself in a large hall, lighted by a hundred lamps. There you will see three doors, all of which you can open, for the key is in every one of them. If you enter the first door, you will come into a chamber, in the middle of which, on the floor, a great money-chest stands, but which is guarded by a dog with eyes as large as tea-cups; but that you need not mind. I will give you my colored apron; you must spread it out on the floor, and then you may boldly lay hold of the dog and put him on it; after which you can take out of the chest as many halfpence as you please: in that chest it is all copper. But if you want silver, you must go into the second chamber. However, here sits a dog upon the chest, with a pair of eyes as large as mill-wheels; but that you need not mind either: put the dog on the apron, and take as much silver as you please. But if you would rather have gold, you must go into the third chamber, and then you can take as much as you can carry. But the dog that guards this money-chest has eyes as large as

the Round Tower* at Copenhagen. That's a dog for you who can see! But you need not mind him: put him on my apron, and take as many gold pieces out of the chest as you please; the dog won't do you any harm."

"That wouldn't be amiss!" said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old beldame? For 'tis not very likely you would tell me this, and send me down the hollow tree to get so much treasure for nothing!"

"No, said the witch, "I don't ask a farthing! You must only bring up with you the tinder-box you will find, that my grandmother forgot the last time she was down there."

"Well, give me the rope," said the soldier, "I'll try!"

"Here it is," said the witch; "and here too is my colored apron." And she gave them both to him.

So the soldier climbed up to the top of the oak, put the rope about him, slipped

* The Observatory; so called on account of its round form.

through the hole in the trunk, and stood suddenly in the great hall, which was lighted, exactly as the old witch had told him, by a hundred lamps.

As soon as he had looked round him a little, he found also the three doors, and immediately opened the first. There really sat the dog with eyes as large as tea-cups, and stared at him.

"Ho, ho, my dog!" said the soldier. "Good fellow!" And he spread the witch's apron on the floor, and set the dog upon it.

He now opened the money-chest, filled all his pockets with copper pennies and halfpence, shut down the lid again, put the staring dog on the top of it, and went, with his apron, into the second chamber. Good heavens! There sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

"You should not look at me so fixedly," said he to the dog that was keeping watch; "that weakens the eyes!" Thereupon he set the animal on the apron; but when he saw the quantity of silver coin, he threw away the coppers and filled all his pockets

and his knapsack with the bright silver. And then he went to the third door, and into the chamber.

Well, that was enough to disgust anybody! The dog here really had eyes as large as the Round Tower, and they rolled about in his head like turning-wheels.

"Good evening," said the soldier, putting his hand to his cap and saluting in true military style; for such a monster he had never met before. However, after he had looked at him for some moments, he thought it was enough; so he spread out the apron, lifted the enormous dog off the cover, and opened the money-chest.

What heaps of gold he saw! He could have bought all Copenhagen, all the sugar-plums, all the games of soldiers, all the whips and rocking-horses in Europe, with the money! At the first sight of such rich treasure, the soldier threw away all the silver with which he was laden, and stuffed his pockets, his knapsack, his cap, and his boots, so full of gold pieces, that he could but just move with the weight. Now, in-

deed, he had money in abundance. The tremendous dog was put on the cover again, the door of the chamber shut, and the soldier went back to the hollow of the tree, and called out.

"Hallo, old hag! Now, then, pull me up again!"

"Have you got the tinder-box?" said the witch in reply.

"I'll be hanged, if I hadn't nearly forgotten it!" said the soldier. He then put the tinder-box in his pocket; the witch drew him up out of the tree; and he soon was standing again upon the highway with all his treasures.

"What do you want with the tinder-box?" asked the soldier.

"That's nothing to you," answered the old hag. "You've got money in plenty; so give me the tinder-box."

"No!" said the soldier. "Tell me directly what you'll do with the tinder-box, or I'll cut your head off with my sword!"

"No," cried the witch, "I won't."

And the soldier instantly drew his sword

and chopped her head from her body; so there was an end of her! He then tied up his money in her apron, put the bundle over his shoulder and the tinder-box in his pocket, and walked on until he came to the next town.

It was a large city; and he went to the first hotel, asked for the best apartments, and ordered the most delicate things for dinner; for he was now a moneyed man.

The waiters, it is true, thought his boots rather strange-looking for so grand a gentleman; but they were of another opinion next morning, after he had been out shopping; for they now had the most elegant boots to clean, and the finest clothing to brush. The soldier had become quite a dandy; he talked of the curiosities of the town, and the sights to be seen, and the people told him about the King and his beautiful daughter the Princess.

"How can I see her?" asked the soldier impatiently.

"She is not to be seen at all," was the answer; "for she lives in a large brazen

palace surrounded by many towers and high walls. Only the King visits his daughter; because it has been foretold that the Princess will marry a common soldier, and the King would never hear of such a thing."

"I'd give the world to see the Princess!" thought the soldier to himself; but as to getting a permission, it was of no use thinking of such a thing.

Meanwhile he led a merry life; went often to the play, drove about in the royal park, and gave a good deal to the poor. It was praiseworthy of him to be charitable; but he knew well enough by experience what a poor fellow feels who has not a penny in his pocket. He was, moreover, a rich man, had handsome clothes, and many friends, who told him every day that he was an excellent creature, a perfect gentleman; and all this the soldier liked to hear.

But it so happened after a while, as he was always taking from his money and never received any, he had at last but two-

pence-halfpenny left. So he was obliged to leave the handsome lodgings he had lived in till now, and to take a small garret, to clean his own boots, and darn and mend his clothes himself when they wanted it. None of his old friends visited him any more; for they could not, of course, go up so many pair of stairs for his sake.

It was quite dark in his room, and he had not even money enough to buy a candle. Suddenly he remembered that, in the tinder-box which he fetched up from the bottom of the hollow oak, there were a few matches. He therefore took it, and began to strike a light; but as soon as the sparks flew about, the door of his room was thrown open, and the dog with eyes as large as a tea-cup walked in, and said, "What does the master please to command?"

"Well done!" cried the soldier, astonished; "that's a capital tinder-box, if I can get all I want with so little trouble! Well, then, my friend," said he to the dog with the staring eyes, "I am in want of money; get me some!"

Crack! the dog had vanished, and crack! there he was again standing before the soldier, holding a purse filled with copper coin between his teeth.

Now the soldier perfectly understood how to employ the tinder-box: if he struck with the flint and steel once, then the dog with the copper money appeared; if twice, the one with the silver coin; and if three times, then came the dog that guarded the chest of gold.

After this discovery, he returned immediately to his former handsome lodgings; his numerous kind friends came to him again, and testified their sincere affection and attachment.

"Well," thought the soldier one day to himself, "'tis very strange that no one may see the beautiful Princess! They say she is a great beauty; but what good will that do her, if she is always to stay shut up in the brazen castle with the numerous towers! I wonder if it really be impossible to see her! Where's my tinder-box? I should like to know if it's only money that

he can procure." He struck the flint, and the well-known dog with saucer-eyes stood before him.

"It is midnight, it is true," said he; "but I should like so much to see the Princess only for a moment!"

In a moment the dog was out of the room, and before the soldier thought it possible, he saw him return with the Princess, who sat asleep on the dog's back, and was so indescribably beautiful that anybody who saw her would know directly she was a Princess. The soldier could not help it; happen what might, he must give the Princess a kiss, and so he did, for he was, body and soul, a soldier.

Then the dog ran back again to the palace with the lovely Princess. The next morning at breakfast she told her parents of the curious dream she had had; that she had been riding on a dog, and that a soldier had given her a kiss.

"A very pretty affair indeed!" said the Queen. So now it was agreed that, next night, one of the ladies of the court should

watch at the bedside of the Princess, in order to see into the matter of the dream, and if anything happened to her in her sleep.

That night again, the soldier felt a strange longing to see the beautiful Princess from the brazen castle. The dog was therefore despatched, who took her again on his back and ran off with her. But the cunning old lady quickly put on a pair of good walking-boots, and ran after the dog so fast, that she caught sight of him just as he was going into the house where the soldier lived.

"Ah, ah!" thought she; "all's right now! I know where he is gone to;" and she made a cross on the street door with a piece of chalk. Then she went back to the palace, and lay down to sleep. The dog, too, came back with the Princess; but when he remarked that there was a cross on the house where the soldier lived, he made crosses on all the street-doors in the town; which was very clever of the animal, for now the lady would not be able,

with the pieces made a bag. This bag she had filled with the most finely-sifted flour, and tied it with her own hands round the Princess's neck. When this was done, she took her golden scissors and cut a small hole in the bag, just large enough to let the flour run slowly out when the Princess moved.

The dog came again in the night, took the Princess on his back, and ran off with her to the soldier, who wanted so much only to look at her, and who would have given any thing to be a Prince, so that he might marry the Princess.

But the dog did not observe that his track from the palace to the soldier's house was marked with the flour that had run out of the bag. On the following morning the King and the Queen readily saw where their daughter had been during the night; and therefore they ordered the soldier to be arrested and put into prison.

There now sat the poor soldier in prison, and it was so dark too in his cell; besides, the jailor told him that he was to be hang-

with all her ingenuity, to find the right door again.

Early next morning came the King and Queen, the old lady, and all the high officers of the crown, to ascertain where the Princess had gone to in the night.

"Here's the house!" exclaimed the King, when he saw the first door that had a cross on it.

"No, it must be here, my dear," said the Queen, perceiving the next house with a white cross.

"Here, there, and every where are white crosses" cried all; for, look where they would, the street-doors had white crosses on them; and they now perceived it would be a vain attempt to try to find the right house.

The Queen, however, was an exceedingly clever woman. She knew something more than merely how to sit in a carriage with an air; and therefore she soon found out a way how to come on the traces of the dog. She took a whole piece of silk, cut it in two with a golden pair of scissors, and

ed on the morrow. That was indeed no very pleasant news for the soldier, and more unfortunate than all, he had left his tinder-box at the hotel.

When day broke he could see out of his little prison-windows how the people were streaming from the town to see the execution; he heard the drums beat, and saw the soldiers marching to the spot where the scaffold was erected. Among the crowd was a little apprentice, who was in such a hurry that he lost one of his shoes just as he was running by the prison.

"Hallo, my little man!" cried the soldier to the boy; "you need not be in such a hurry; for nothing can be done till I come! If you will run to the inn, at the sign of the Golden Angel, and fetch me a tinder-box that I left behind in my room, I'll give you a groat for your trouble;—but you must make all the haste you can!"

The boy wanted very much to get the groat; so off he ran to the Golden Angel, found the tinder-box as described in the soldier's room, and brought it to him to his

grated window. Now let us see what happened.

Outside the town a high gallows had been erected, which was surrounded by a quantity of soldiers, and thousands of people occupied the large field. The King and Queen sat on a splendid throne that had been erected for them, opposite the judges and the councillors.

The soldier was already on the highest step of the ladder, and the executioner was just about to put the rope round his neck, when he implored that they would grant him, poor sinner that he was, one last wish. He had, he said, a great longing to smoke a pipe of tobacco, and as this was the last act of grace he should ask for in this world, he hoped they would not be so cruel as to refuse him.

So the King allowed them to accede to his request: and the soldier took out his flint and steel, and struck one, two, three times; when presently all three enchanted dogs stood before him; the one with the saucer-eyes, as well as the other two with

eyes like mill-wheels and the Round Tower at Copenhagen.

"Help me out of my difficulty!" called the soldier to the dogs. "Don't let them hang me!"

Thereupon the three frightful dogs fell on the judge and the councillors, seized one by the leg, another by the nose, and tossed them high up in the air, so that in tumbling down they were immediately dashed to pieces.

'We are not graciously pleased——" cried the King; but the dogs cared little for that, and took King and Queen, one after the other, and tossed them like the rest in the air.

Then the soldiers grew frightened, and the people called out, "Good soldier, you shall be our King, and you shall have the beautiful Princess for a wife!"

Then the soldier seated himself in the King's carriage, and all three dogs danced in front of it, and shouted "Hurrah!" The boys in the street whistled, and the soldiers presented arms.

Now the Princess was liberated from the brazen castle, and was made Queen, which she liked very much. The wedding festivities lasted eight days, and the dogs seated themselves at table, and stared at every body with their great eyes.

The Wicked King.

IN old times there lived a wicked, proud-hearted King, who never thought of anything but of conquering all the lands in the world, and making his name a terror to every one. He hurried about with fire and sword; his soldiers trampled down the corn in the fields, and burned the houses of the peasants, so that the red flame seemed to lick the leaves off

the trees, and the fruit hung roasted from the black and scorched boughs. Many a poor mother hid herself, with her little naked baby, behind the smoking walls, and the soldiers searched for them till they found both herself and her child, and then began their cruel joy. Wicked spirits could not have done more shocking things than they did; but the king thought this was just as it should be.

Day by day his power increased; his name became a terror to every one, and fortune favored him in all that he did. He brought home large heaps of gold and treasure from the cities that he conquered; and in his own royal city such wealth was stored up as never was seen in any other place. Now he had splendid castles and palaces built; and every one who saw these glorious things said, "What a great king!" They never thought of the distress he had brought upon other countries; they never heard the sighs and groans that rose from the towns which he had laid in ashes.

The Wicked King.

The king gazed on his gold, and on his gorgeous palaces; and then, like many other people, he thought, "What a great king am I! but I must have still more, much more. No power must be called equal to, and certainly none shall be greater than mine!"

So he began at once to make war upon all his neighbors, and he conquered them all. He had the vanquished princes fastened to his chariot by chains of gold when he drove through the streets; and when he sat at table, they had to lie at his feet, and at the feet of his courtiers, and pick up the crumbs that were thrown to them.

Now the king had his image set up in the public squares and royal palaces: yes, he even wanted it to stand in the churches before the altar of the Lord; but the priests said, "O King, thou art great, but God is greater: we dare not do this."

"Well, then," said the wicked king, "I will overcome Him also!"

And in the pride and folly of his heart, he had a beautiful ship built, which could sail

through the air. It was as gay in color as the tail of the peacock, and seemed furnished with a thousand eyes; but every eye was the muzzle of a gun-barrel. The King sat in the middle of the ship; then he had only to press a spring, and thousands of balls would fly out, while the guns were found loaded again, just as they had been before. Hundreds of mighty eagles were harnessed to the ship: and so, now that all was ready, it rose in the air, and flew up towards the sun.

The earth soon lay far down below him. At first, with its mountains and its woods, it looked like a ploughed field, where the green blades of grass peep out from among the broken clods of turf; then it was like a smooth map of the world, and soon after this it was hidden in mist and cloud. Higher and higher flew the eagles.

But, behold, God sent a single one from His countless host of angels, and the king shot thousands of balls at him; but the hard balls rebounded like hail from the angel's shining wings. One drop of blood

only, one single drop, came trickling from his snow-white plumes. This drop fell upon the ship in which the king was sitting: it burnt itself into it, and weighing down the vessel like a thousand fothers of lead, it bore it with awful violence towards the earth.

The strong wings of the eagles were broken; the wind whistled round the head of the king; and the clouds around him, which were made of the smoke of the burnt cities, took the threatening form of griffins, many miles long, that stretched out their strong claws at him; or now they looked like rolling rocks and dragons vomiting fire.

The king lay half dead at the bottom of the ship, which was caught, at last, in the thick branches of the forest.

"I will conquer heaven," said he. "I have sworn that I will, and it shall be done."

So for the next seven years he had ships cleverly built for sailing through the air; he had flashes of lightning forged from the

hardest steel; for he was bent on riving the bulwarks of heaven. From all the countries he ruled over, large armies were levied, which covered a circuit of several miles when they were drawn up in order man by man.

They embarked in the ship she had so cunningly contrived, and he himself drew near to the one which he was to sail in. It was then that God sent a swarm of gnats against him,—one little swarm of gnats. They buzzed round the king, and stung him on his face and hands. He drew his sword in anger, but he only fought the empty air, for he could not touch the gnats. Therefore he ordered silken robes to be brought: he bade them wind these around him, that not a gnat should be able to reach him with its sting; and they did as he commanded.

But one little gnat lighted on the inside of the robes: it crept into the King's ear, and stung him there. The wound burned like fire; the poison rose to his brain. He tore off the silken coverings, and dashed them from him; then, rending his clothes,

he danced naked and mad before the rude wild soldiers; while they, in their turn, jeered at the mad and wicked King, who had thought of fighting with God, and who yet had been overcome by one single little gnat.

The Resolute Leaden Soldier.

THERE were, once upon a time, five-and-twenty leaden soldiers, all brothers; for they had all been made out of an old metal spoon. They "carried arms," and stood there every one of them with their "eyes right." Their uniform was red and blue, and was quite beautiful. The very first thing they heard in this world when the cover was taken off the box, was, "Leaden Soldiers!" These words were

uttered by a little boy who clapped his hands for joy; they had been given him because it was his birthday, and he now set them out upon the table. One soldier was exactly a counterpart of the other; a single one only was somewhat different from the rest—he had but one leg. He had been cast the last of all, and there was not lead enough left; yet he stood on his one leg quite as firmly as the others on two; and it is this very soldier whose fate is so remarkable.

On the table where they were set up many other playthings were lying; but what was most attractive to the eye was a pretty little castle of pasteboard. Through the little windows one could see right into the apartments. Before the castle little trees were standing round a little mirror which was meant for a lake; and swans, made of wax, swam about on it, and were reflected in the water. All was so nice and pretty; but the nicest of all was a little damsel that stood in the open entrance to the castle. She was cut out of paper, but

she had on a dress of the finest gauze, and a narrow blue riband over her shoulders, and in the middle of this was a glittering spangle, which was just as large as her whole face.

The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer, and at the same time lifted one leg so high in the air that the leaden Soldier could not find it, and he might almost have fancied she had but one leg, like himself.

"She would make a good wife for me," thought he, "but she is rather a high personage. *She* lives in a castle; *I* have only a wooden-box, and there, too, are our five-and-twenty men: that's not a place for her! However, I will try to get acquainted with her."

And then he laid himself at full length behind a snuff-box that was standing on the table; whence he could have a perfect view of the little fine lady that stood on one leg without losing her balance.

As evening drew in, all the other soldiers came into their box, and the people in the

house went to bed. Then the toys began to play, and amuse themselves,—they played at visiting, and at dancing the polka, and at war.

The soldiers in the box made a rattle; for they wanted to join the game, but the cover would not come off. The nutcrackers threw a sommerset, and the slate-pencil jumped about on the slate; it was such a sight that even the canary-bird awoke, and began to talk with the rest, and in verse, too, into the bargain.

The only two who did not move from their places were the leaden Soldier and the little Dancer; she remained in her graceful position on tip-toe with outstretched arms; and he stood just as firm on his one leg, and never took his eyes from off her even for a moment.

Now the clock struck twelve. Suddenly the cover of the snuff-box flew open; but there was no snuff in it. No, out sprung a little black Magician, for it was a conjuring-box.

"Soldier!" cried the Magician, "will you keep your eyes to yourself?"

But the leaden Soldier pretended that he did not hear.

"Well! only wait! to-morrow!" said the magician.

When the morning was come, and the children were out of bed, the soldier was placed in the window, and,—whether the Magician did it, or the wind, that I don't know,—all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell down head over heels from the third story into the street. It was a frightful descent! He struck one leg into the air, and remained standing on his military cap, with his bayonet between the stones.

The maid and the little boy ran down directly to look for him; but, although they nearly trod on him, they could not see him. Had but the soldier cried out "Here I am!" they might have found him; but he did not deem it proper to call out loud because he was in uniform.

It now began to rain, one drop fell thicker

than the other; till it came in a perfect torrent. When it was over two little boys came by.

"Look here!" said one. "Here is a leaden Soldier! Let us give him a sail in a boat!"

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, put the soldier in it, and now, there he was sailing along down the gutter. Both the little boys ran by the side clapping their hands.

Dear me! what waves were rolling in the gutter, and what a torrent it was! for the shower was a pretty smart one, I can tell you. The paper boat heaved and fell, and now and then made such turns that the leaden Soldier became quite giddy; but he was resolute, never changed countenance, kept his "eyes right," and "carried arms" as before. All at once the boat was driven into a long covered drain; it was as dark to the Soldier as if he were in his own wooden box.

"Where am I going to now!" thought he. "Yes, yes, this is the Magician's

doings! Oh, were the little maiden with me in the boat, darkness and all else were indifferent to me!"

At the same moment a large water-rat, that lived in the drain, made his appearance.

"Where's your passport?" asked the rat; "out with your passport!"

But the soldier was silent, and held his musket the tighter. The boat drove onward, the rat pursuing. How horribly he gnashed his teeth, and how dreadful it was to hear him cry out to the straws and floating bits of wood:

"Stop him! stop him! he has defrauded the customs! He has not shown his passport!"

But the stream grew stronger and stronger. Already could the soldiers see the light of day before he got to the end of the drain, but he heard, too, a roaring sound, at which the bravest heart would have quaked. Only imagine! at the spot where the drain ended, the water of the gutter was precipitated headlong into a great canal: for the

Soldier, that was as dangerous as descending a mighty cataract.

He was already so near that to stop was impossible; the boat shot forward; the poor leaden Soldier stood as upright as he could, for no one could say of him that he had even winked his eyes. The boat whirled round three, four times, and was filled with water up to the very edge. Sink it must. The soldier was up to his neck in water: deeper and deeper sank the boat, and looser and looser became the paper. At last the water went over the Soldier's head; he thought of the pretty little Dancer that he was never to see again, and the words of the song,

> O warrior! dangers must thou brave,
> And death must be thy portion,

sounded in his ears. Then the paper fell to pieces, the leaden Soldier tumbled out—but at that very moment a large fish swallowed him.

Well to be sure, how dark it was! It was darker here than in the drain; and,

besides, there was so little room. But the leaden Soldier was resolute; there he lay at full length, and still "carried arms."

The fish darted hither and thither; he moved about in the most terrible manner, and at last he was quite still. Something like a ray of light darted through him; all was bright and clear, and a voice cried, "The leaden Soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to market, bought, and sent into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a large knife. She took the Soldier by the waist with her finger and thumb, and carried him up stairs, where everybody was eager to see the remarkable man that had made a journey in the inside of a fish. But the Soldier was not proud. They put him on the table, and—no! how wondrou ly things fall out in this world!—he wa: in the very same room where he had l en before; he saw the same children; the s ne toys were upon the table—the beautiful castle with the pretty little Dancer standing at the door—all were the same! She stood upon one leg still, and held the other high

in the air: she, too, was resolute. The leaden Soldier was quite affected at the thought, and he could have wept tears of lead, but that it did not become him to do so. He gazed at her, and she gazed on him; but they spoke not a word.

At that moment one of the little boys took up the Soldier, flung him without more ado into the fire! He gave no reason for doing so; but it was, doubtless, the work of the Magician in the snuff-box.

There stood the Soldier in a blaze of light. He felt a terrible glow; but whether it arose from the fire or from love, he knew not. He had completely changed color; however, I am unable to say whether that happened on account of his long journey, or was the consequence of his agitation. He looked at the little damsel, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but there he stood, still resolute, and "carried arms."

Suddenly a door opened, the wind caught the Dancer, and, like a sylphide, she flew

straight into the fire to the leaden Soldier, blazed up, and—she was gone!

The Soldier melted together in a lump, and the next morning, when the maid came to take away the ashes, she found his remains in the form of a little leaden heart. Of the Dancer, however, nothing but the spangle remained, and that was burnt as black as a coal.

The Garden of Paradise.

OULD you like to hear about the Garden of Paradise? Well then, I will tell you that once upon a time there lived the son of a King; nobody ever had so many and such beautiful books as he; and in them he could read of all the events that had ever happened in the world, and see them represented in magnificent pictures. From

them he could get information about every country and every people: but of where the Garden of Paradise was to be found, not a word was said; and that was the very thing he thought most of and most wished to know.

While the Prince was still quite a little boy, and just when he ought to have been sent to school, his grandmother told him that every flower in the Garden of Paradise was made of the sweetest cake, and its stamina of the choicest wine: on one plant grew history, on another geography, on a third the German language; so that one only need eat the cakes in order to know one's lesson perfectly; and the more one ate the more one learned, and the more one understood of history, geography, or German.

At that time the young Prince believed all this; but by degrees, as he grew older and wiser, he saw very well that the glory of the Garden of Paradise must be a very different sort of thing.

"Oh, why did Eve pluck the fruit from

the tree of knowledge? Why did Adam eat of what was forbidden? *I* ought to have been there, and then it would not have happened! Never should sin have entered into the world!"

So spoke he then; and so he spoke still, when he was seventeen years old. The Garden of Paradise occupied all his thoughts.

One day he strolled into the forest. He was alone; for to be so was his greatest pleasure.

The evening was closing in, the clouds were gathering, and it began to rain as if the whole heavens were one great floodgate from which the water was bursting. It was, too, as dark as it could be at night in the deepest well. Now he slipped on the wet grass, now he stumbled over bare stones which were scattered over the rocky ground.

He was, besides, dripping wet: the poor Prince had not a dry thread on his body. He was forced to climb over huge blocks of stone, where the water trickled down from

the high moss. He was near falling from fatigue, when he heard a strange humming noise; and before him he saw a large illumined cavern. In the middle of it burned a fire, at which a buck might have been roasted whole. And it was the case too;—a very fine buck, with zig-zag antlers, was stuck on the spit, and turned slowly between two enormous pine-trees. An elderly woman, tall and strong, as though she were a man in disguise, sat by the fire, and threw in one piece of wood after another.

"Come, come nearer," said she, seeing the Prince; "seat yourself by the fire, and dry your clothes."

"There's a terrible draught here," said the Prince, and he sat down on the floor of the cave.

"That will be still worse when my sons come home," said the woman. "You are in the Cavern of the Winds; my sons are the Four Winds of the world. Do you understand me?"

"Where are your sons?" asked the Prince.

"Stupid questions are not easily answered," said the woman. "My sons live just as they please; they play at ball with the clouds up there," and so saying she pointed to the sky above.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Prince, "as to yourself, you speak rather roughly, and are altogether not so gentle as the women that I generally see around me."

"Yes; they, I suppose, have nothing else to do. I must be harsh, if I am to keep my boys in order: but I can do it, though they have stiff necks of their own! Do you see those four sacks yonder by the wall? they stand as much in awe of them as you once did of the rod on the shelf. I bang them together, let me tell you, and then off they march into the sack; we don't stand on much ceremony here,—there they sit, nor do they come out till I choose to let them. But see, here is one of them!"

With that in came the North Wind. He entered with an icy coldness; large hail-

stones danced upon the ground and flakes of snow flew about him. He had on a jacket and trowsers of bear-skin; a seal-skin cap hung over his ears; long icicles were hanging at his beard, and one hailstone after the other slipped out from under his jacket-collar.

"But don't go to the fire directly!" said the Prince. "Your face and hands might get frostbitten!"

"Frostbitten!" said the North Wind, laughing loudly; "Frostbitten! why that is just my greatest delight! But pray who are you, Mr. Spindleshanks? How came you into the Cavern of the Winds?"

"He is my guest," said the old woman; "and if you are not satisfied with the explanation, you shall be off to the sack. So now you know my mind."

This had the desired effect; and the North Wind sat down and related whence he came, and where he had been the whole month.

"I came from the Arctic Ocean: I have been on Bear Island," said he, with the

Russian whale-fishers. I sat and slept at the helm as they sailed past the North Cape. When I now and then awoke up a little, the stormy-petrel flew about my legs; it is a strange bird! he gives a quick stroke with his wings, and then keeps them stretched out immoveably, and needs no further exertion."

"Do not make your story so long," said the Mother of the Winds. "And so you came to Bear Island?"

"'Tis splendid there! The ground is like a floor just fit for dancing, as flat as a board! Half-thawed snow and moss, sharp stones, and the skeletons of whales and polar bears lay about, and they looked exactly like the legs and arms of giants covered over with a mouldy green. One would think the sun never shone upon them. I blew aside the mist a little, that I might see the hut. That was a fine house! It was built of the remains of a wreck, and covered with the skin of a whale; the fleshy side outwards, all green and red; and on the roof there sat a live polar bear,

and growled. I went along the shore, looked into the birds' nests, and saw the callow young ones screaming and chirping with open mouths; so I blew into their throats by thousands, and then they learned to shut their mouths. Beneath me the walruses tumbled about, looking like gigantic worms with heads of swine and tusks an ell long."

"You tell your story well, my son," exclaimed the mother; "it makes one freeze to listen to you."

"Now, then, the fishing began; the harpoon was thrust into the breast of the walrus, and the reeking stream of blood spouted like a fountain over the ice. Then I thought of my part of the sport. I gave a blast, and made my ships, the stupendous icebergs, hem in the boats. Ha, ha! how the crew all whistled and shouted, but I whistled louder! The pieces of the dead whales, chests, and tackle—all were obliged to be unpacked upon the ice. I shook snow-flakes about them, and sent them and their boat, locked up in the ice, drifting to

the southward, to get a taste of salt-water. They won't make their appearance at Bear Island again!"

"You have been doing mischief, then!" said the Mother of the Winds.

"The good I have done others may relate," said he; "but here comes my brother from the West; I love him best of all—he smells so of the sea, and he has such a healthy cold about him."

"Is that delicate little Zephyr?" asked the Prince.

"Yes, to be sure it is," said the old woman; "but he is no longer so very delicate either. Once upon a time he was a nice, mild little fellow, but that's all over now."

The West Wind looked like a wild man, but on his head he had a sort of padded covering, to save him from hurt. In his hand he held a club of mahogany, hewn in the American forests. Nothing less than this would have done.

"Where do you come from?" inquired his old mother.

"From the forest wilderness," said he, "where the thorny lianas form a hedge between every tree, where the water-snakes lie in the wet grass, and where man seems to be useless."

"What did you do there?"

"I looked into the deep river, saw how it rolled from the rocks, and dashed into spray, flew up towards the clouds, and gave form to the rainbow. I saw a buffalo swimming in the stream, but the current bore him down: he drifted onwards with a flock of wild-fowls; they flew away when the water swept over the precipice, but the buffalo was forced to plunge over with it. That pleased me, and I blew such a hurricane that the primeval trees were hurled cracking to the earth, and were crashed to atoms."

"And have you done nothing else?" asked the old woman.

"I have tumbled head over heels in the Savannahs, I have chased the wild horses, and rattled down the cocoa-nuts. Yes, yes; I have enough to tell about. But one

must not tell all one knows; that you know very well, old mammy." And so saying, he kissed his mother to such a degree that she nearly tumbled down. He was a wild fellow, that West Wind!

Now came in the South Wind; he had a turban on his head and a flying Bedouin mantle.

"It's cold enough here," said he, throwing wood upon the fire; "one can very well feel that the North Wind was here before me."

"It's so hot here that one might roast a polar bear," said the North Wind.

"You are a polar bear yourself," said the South Wind.

"Do you want to be put in the sack?" asked the old woman. "Sit down there on the stone, and tell where you have been, and what you have done."

"In Africa, mother," answered he. "I have been lion-hunting with the Hottentots in the land of the Caffres. What fine grass grows there in the plains, as green as the olive! There frisked the gnu, and the

ostrich ran races with me; but I am swifter than he. I came to the desert, to the yellow sand: it looks like the bottom of the sea. I met a caravan; they killed their last camel to get water to drink, but they did not get much. From above they were scorched by the sun, from below they were burned by the sand. The vast desert was endless. There I rolled myself in the fine loose sand, and in great pillars whirled it up into the air. Oh, it was a glorious dance! You should have seen how stupified the dromedary stood, and how the merchant drew his caften over his head! He threw himself down before me, as before Allah, his God. Now they are all buried, but a pyramid of sand stands above them. When some day or other I blow it away, the sun will bleach the white bones, and travellers may see that men have been there before them. But for this no one would believe it in the desert."

"So, then, you have done nothing but evil," said his mother. "March! to the sack!" And before he was aware of it, she

had seized hold of the South Wind by the body, and—into the sack with him. The bag with him in it kicked and rolled about the floor; but she seized it, held it fast and sat down on it, and then he was forced to lie still.

"They are desperately wild fellows, these sons of yours!" said the Prince.

"Yes, indeed they are," answered she; "but they must obey for all that. Ha! here we have the fourth."

This was the East Wind, who was dressed like a Chinese.

"What! are you come from that corner of the world?" said his mother. "I thought you had been to the Garden of Paradise?"

"I am going there to-morrow," said the East Wind; "to-morrow it will be a hundred years since I was there. I come from China now, where I danced round the porcelain tower till I set all the bells a-tinkling. Below in the street the officers of state got such a beating that the bamboo-canes split across their shoulders; and these were personages from the first to the ninth degree.

They called out, 'Thanks, thanks, paternal benefactor!' but they didn't mean it; and I tinkled the bells all the while, and sang, 'Tsing, tsang, tsu!'"

"You are a harum-scarum youth," said the old woman. "It is a good thing you are going to the Garden of Paradise to-morrow; your education requires it, and your visit there always contributes to your improvement. Do but drink deep of the fountain of wisdom, and bring a little bottleful for me."

"I will," said the East Wind; "but why have you put my brother from the south into the sack? Let him out; he must tell me about the phœnix; about this bird the Princess in the Garden of Paradise wants always to hear something, when I go to pay my visit every hundred years. Open the sack; you are my own sweet dear little mother; and I'll give you two pocketsful of tea, quite fresh and green, just as I picked it myself on the spot."

"Well, then, for the sake of the tea, and

because, after all, you are my darling, I'll open the sack."

And she did so, and the South Wind crept out; but he looked very crest-fallen, because the Prince, who was a stranger, had seen the whole affair.

"Here is a palm-leaf for the Princess," said the South Wind; "it was given me by the old phœnix-bird—the only one that was in the whole world. On it he has scribbled with his bill his whole history during the hundred years that he lived; so now she can read it herself. I saw how the phœnix set fire to his own nest, seated himself on it, and was burnt like the Hindoo widow. How the green boughs crackled, and what a smoke and fragrance from the burning nest! At length all was in flames; the old bird was turned to ashes, but his egg lay red and glowing in the fire. It burst with a loud noise, and the young phœnix flew out. He is now lord over all the birds, and the only phœnix in the world. He has bitten a hole in that leaf I have given you; that is his greeting to the Princess."

"Let us now take something to refresh ourselves," said the mother of the winds; and they all sat down to eat of the roasted buck; and the Prince took a place next to the East Wind, and for that reason they very soon became very good friends.

"I say," began the Prince, "just tell me what Princess that is of whom you have talked so much? and where does the Garden of Paradise lie?"

"Ho, Ho!" said the East Wind; "will you go there? If you will, set off to-morrow with me; but this much must I tell you, no human being was ever there since Adam and Eve's time. You know them, of course, from the Bible history?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the Prince.

"When they were driven away, the Garden of Paradise sank into the earth; but it retained its warm sunshine, its genial air, and all its glory. The Queen of the Fairies lives there; there lies the Island of Bliss, which Death can never reach, and where life is so very beautiful. Seat yourself to-morrow on my back, and I will take you

with me; I think we shall be able to manage it. But now hold your tongue, for I want to go to rest."

And now they all fell asleep.

Early in the morning the Prince awoke, and was not a little astonished to see that he was already far above the clouds. He was sitting on the back of the East Wind, who carefully held him fast; they were so high in the air that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, looked like a large colored map, stretched out below.

"Good morning," said the East Wind; "you may, if you like, sleep a little longer; for as yet there is not much to be seen on the flat land beneath us, unless you would like to count the churches, which stand like little white dots down there on the green board." They were the fields and meadows which he called a green board.

"It was unpolite of me to depart without taking leave of your mother and brothers," said the Prince.

"If one sleeps, it is excusable," answered the East Wind; and now they flew on still

more quickly. One could hear it by the tops of the trees; when they passed over them, all the leaves and the branches rustled: one could hear it on the sea, and on the lakes; for wherever they flew, the waves rose higher, and the tall ships bent low down to the water like swans.

Towards evening, as it was getting dark, the great cities appeared very strange. Lights were burning below, now here, now there; and it looked exactly as if one had burned a piece of paper, and shaken the sparks in all directions; and then to see them vanish one after another, till at last, as children say, out goes the sexton and his family.

The Prince clapped his hands; but the East Wind begged him to be quiet, and to hold fast; otherwise it was not unlikely he might fall down, and be left hanging to some church-steeple.

The eagle in the dark forests flew quickly enough; but the East Wind flew more quickly. The Cossack on his little horse rode at full speed over the steppes; but the

Prince rode along more rapidly in a very different manner.

"Now you can see the Himalaya," said the East Wind, "they are the highest mountains in Asia: we shall soon be at the Garden of Paradise."

They afterwards turned more to the south; and the fragrance of spices and flowers soon floated through the air. Figs and pomegranates grew wild, and red and white grapes hung in profusion on the wild vine. Here they both descended, and lay in the soft grass, where the flowers nodded to the wind, as though they would say, "Welcome, welcome!"

"Are we now in the Garden of Paradise?" asked the Prince.

"No, not yet," said the East Wind; "but we shall soon be there. Do you see yon wall of rock, and the great cavern, where the tendrils of the vine-leaves hang like rich green curtains? There we must pass. Wrap yourself up in your cloak: here the sun is burning; but a step further and it is icy cold. The bird that flies before the

cavern has one wing out here in the warm summer, and the other within in the cold winter."

"And that is the way to the Garden of Paradise?" asked the Prince.

So now they entered the cavern: oh, how icy cold it was! but it did not last long. The East Wind spread out his wings, and they shone like a glowing fire. But what a cavern! The huge blocks of stone, from which the water trickled, hung over them in the most extraordinary shapes. Sometimes the passage was so narrow that they were obliged to creep along on hands and feet; and again it was as broad and high as under the open heaven. It looked like a subterranean chapel, with silent organ-pipes and petrified organ.

"Suely we are going by the path of Death into the Garden of Paradise, are we not?" said the Prince. But the East Wind answered not a word: he only pointed forwards, where the loveliest blue light gleamed towards them. The blocks of stone above their heads became more and

more like a vapor, and at last were as clear as a white cloud in the moonlight. They were now in the mildest air, as refreshing as on the mountains, and as fragrant as among the roses of the valley.

Here flowed a river as transparent as the air itself; and the fish that were in it were of silver and gold; purple-colored eels, that at every turn sent forth a shower of blue sparks, sported in the water; and the broad leaves of the water-lily displayed every color of the rainbow—the flower itself was a pale-yellow burning flame, which was sustained by the water, as the lamp is fed by the oil. A firm bridge of marble, but so fine and so curiously wrought as though it were made of glass beads and lace, led over the water to the Island of Bliss, where bloomed the Garden of Paradise.

The East Wind took the Prince in his arms and carried him across. Then the leaves and the flowers sang the most beautiful songs about his childhood; but in such sweet and swelling tones, that no human voice could imitate them.

Whether they were palms or gigantic water-plants that grew here, the Prince knew not; but such great luxurious trees he had never before seen; and there in long garlands were hanging from tree to tree the most curious creepers, just as one sees them in rich colors and gold on the margin of old Prayer-books, or twining round the initial letters. There was the most beautiful mixture of birds, and wreaths, and flowers. Close by in the grass, stood a flock of peacocks, with their radiant tails outspread. Yes, indeed it was so—but no, when the Prince touched them, he found that they were not birds, but plants. They were large burs, which here shone like the magnificent tail of the peacock. Lions and tigers leaped like playful cats between the green hedges, that smelt as sweetly as the blossom of the olive; and the lions and the tigers were tame. The timid wood-dove, her plumage shining like the fairest pearl, fanned the lion's mane with her wings; and the antelope, usually so shy, stood and

nodded its head, as though it would like to play with the rest.

Now came the Fairy of Paradise. Her clothes shone like the sun; and her countenance was as mild as that of a happy mother when she rejoices over her child. She was young and beautiful; and following her were the loveliest maidens, each one with a gleaming star in her hair.

The East Wind gave her the leaf with the writing from the phœnix, and her eyes beamed with joy. She took the Prince by the hand, and led him into her palace, where the walls were colored like the leaf of the most beautiful tulip when held up to the sun. The ceiling was a single shining flower; and the more one looked into the calix, the deeper it seemed. The Prince advanced to the window, and looked through one of the panes: he saw there the Tree of Knowledge, with the Serpent; and Adam and Eve standing close beside it.

"Were they not driven away?" asked he. And the Fairy smiled, and explained to him that on every pane of glass Time had

burnt its image; but it was not such a picture as one generally sees: no, there was life in it; the leaves of the trees moved, and human beings went and came as in a mirror. And he looked through another pane; there was Jacob's dream. The ladder went straight up into heaven, and the angels with their broad wings ascended and descended upon it. Yea, all that had happened in this world lived and moved on the window-panes; but such beautiful glass-painting as this could only be produced by Time.

The Fairy smiled, and led the Prince into a high, and spacious hall, whose walls seemed transparent, and were covered with paintings: there were thousands of happy beings, whose faces were radiant with beauty, and who laughed and sang so that their voices formed a wondrous harmony. The highest were so very small; smaller than the least rose-bud, when it is drawn like a mere dot upon the paper.

In the midst of the hall stood a large tree, with luxuriant pendent branches; and

golden apples, large and small, hung like oranges between the green leaves. This was the Tree of Knowledge, of whose fruit Adam and Eve had eaten. From every leaf a red gleaming dew-drop was falling: it was as if the tree shed tears of blood.

"Now let us get into the boat," said the Fairy; "we will refresh ourselves on the heaving water. The boat rocks on the swelling waves, yet it moves not from the spot; but all the countries of the earth will glide by before our eyes."

And it was wonderful to behold how the whole coast moved. There came the lofty snow-covered Alps, with clouds and dark pines: the deep melancholy sound of the horn was heard; and herdsmen shouted merrily from the valley below.

Now the long drooping branches of the Bananas hung down into the boat, jet black swans swam on the water, and the strangest looking animals and flowers were to be seen on the banks. This was New Holland, and the fifth quarter of the Globe, that glided by with a view of the Blue Mountains. And

now came the songs of the priests, and they saw the wild inhabitants dance to the sound of the drum and of the bone tuba. Egypt's pyramids climbing to the clouds, overthrown columns, and sphynxes, half buried in sand, sailed by. The aurora borealis burned over the mountains of the north: that was a fire-work that no mortal could imitate. The Prince was so happy, and he saw a hundred times more than is related here!

"And may I always stay here?" asked he.

"That depends on yourself," answered the Fairy. "If you do not allow yourself to be seduced, like Adam, to do that which is forbidden, you may stay here for ever."

"I will not touch the apple of the Tree of Knowledge," said the Prince. "Here are a thousand fruits as beautiful as that one. I should never do as Adam did!"

"Examine yourself, and if you are not strong enough, then go with the East Wind that brought you: he is about to fly back, and will not come again for a hundred years. To you the time here will pass

away as though it were a hundred hours; but it is a long time for temptation and sin. Every evening, when I leave you, I must call, 'Come with me!' I must beckon to you with my hand—but do not attend. Do not follow me; for with every step temptation will increase. Should you come into the hall where the Tree of Knowledge stands, under whose fragrant boughs I sleep, and bend over me, and press a kiss on my mouth, then will Paradise sink into the earth, and be lost to you. The chill winds of the desert will whistle around you, the cold rain trickle from your hair, and want and sorrow will be your portion."

"I will remain," said the Prince; and the East Wind kissed him on the forehead, and said, "Be firm, and we shall meet again here in a hundred years! Farewell, farewell!"

And the East Wind spread out his large wings: they shone like lightning seen at harvest-time; or like the aurora borealis in cold winter.

"Farewell! farewell!" was re-echoed by

tree and flower. The storks and the pelicans flew in long rows like fluttering streamers as they accompanied him to the boundary of the garden.

"Now we begin our dances!" said the Fairy. "At the conclusion, when I have danced with you, you will see how, as the sinking sun departs, I shall beckon to you. You will hear me call, 'Come, oh come with me!' but do not follow me. That is your temptation—that is sin to you. For a hundred years must I repeat the call to you every evening. With each evening that you resist the temptation will your moral strength increase, till at last you will not give it a thought. This evening will be the first trial—remember I have given you warning!"

And the Fairy led him to a large hall of white transparent lilies; and the yellow stamina of the lilies were little golden harps, which gave forth a music as of stringed instruments and flutes.

Lovely maidens, light and slender, danced gracefully around him, and sang of life and

its delights; and the burden of their song was, that death should never approach those who were purified by trial, and that the Garden of Paradise should bloom to them for ever.

It was sunset: the whole sky was as pure gold; and in the purple light the lilies shone like the most beautiful roses. And the Prince felt a joy within his heart which he had never experienced before. He saw how the background of the hall opened, and beheld the Tree of Knowledge standing amidst dazzling brightness.

And again the sound of song was wafted towards him, mild and gentle as his mother's voice; and he seemed to hear her sing, "My child, my dear, dear child!"

Then the Fairy beckoned with tenderness, and cried, "Come, oh come with me!"

He rushed towards her; forgot his vow, forgot it even on the very first evening; and again she beckoned and smiled.

The air, the spicy air around grew still more balmy; and the harps sounded more deliciously; and it seemed as if the millions

of laughing faces in the hall, where the tree grew, nodded and said, "One should know all! Man is Lord of the Earth." And it was no longer tears of blood that dropped from the leaves of the Tree of Knowledge, but red, shining stars; such, at least, did they seem to him.

"Come, oh come with me!" sounded with trembling tones; and at every step the cheeks of the Prince burned more ardently, and more quickly flowed his blood.

"I must," said he; "it surely is no sin; cannot possibly be a sin! Why not pursue what is beautiful and joyous? I will see her while she sleeps. In doing that I shall have lost nothing: but if I were to kiss her, —but kiss her I will not—I am strong, and am resolute!"

And the Fairy threw off her shining mantle, bent aside the branches, and was hidden in a moment from his sight.

"As yet I have not sinned," said the Prince; "nor will I;" and he pushed aside the green, depending branches of the Tree of Knowledge; she slept—as beautiful as

only the Fairy of the Garden of Paradise can be. She smiled in her dream; he bent over her, and saw tears beneath her eyelashes.

"Dost thou weep for me?" he murmured: "oh, weep not, beautiful maiden!—Now, for the first time, do I comprehend the joy of Paradise! I feel it in every vein: every thought is possessed by it. I feel the cherub's strength, and everlasting life in my mortal body; let darkness enwrap me for ever—one moment like this is enough!" And he kissed the tears from her eyes; his lips touched hers—a frightful clap of thunder was heard, so loud and terrible that none has ever heard the like. And all disappeared: the charming Fairy and the blooming Paradise sunk deep into the earth; down into dark night the Prince saw it sinking; and like a small twinkling star it shone in the far distance. An icy coldness spread over his limbs; he closed his eyes, and lay for a long while as if dead.

The cold rain fell on his face, the chill

wind blew on his forehead, and at last his senses returned.

"What have I done?" said he; "I have sinned like Adam; I have sinned, and Paradise has sunk from my sight!"

He opened his eyes; the distant star, the star that twinkled like the sunken Paradise, he could see still: it was the Morning-star shining in the sky.

He rose and found himself in the great wood, near the Cave of the Winds. The Mother of the Winds sat by his side; she looked displeased, and lifted her arm on high.

"Already, the first evening!" said she; "I thought as much; yes, if you were my son, by my faith, I would punish you. you should march into the sack."

"In he shall go; punishment will come!" said a strong old man with a scythe in his hand, and with large black wings! "He shall be laid in the coffin, but not now; I have marked him, but I will leave him yet a little while to wander on the earth, to repent his sins; he may improve, he may

grow good. Some day I shall come again. When he least expects it, I shall push him into the black coffin. I shall put it on my head, and shall fly towards the stars. There, too, blooms the Garden of Paradise. If he be good and holy, he may enter its beautiful pearl gates and be a dweller in it for ever and ever: but should his head and heart be still full of sin, then he will sink with the coffin deeper than ever sank the Garden of Paradise; and every thousand years only shall I come to fetch him, that he may either sink still deeper, or dwell in the star—in that bright sparkling star there yonder!"

The Prince arose—the old woman was gone—the Cave of the Winds was nothing now but a hollow in the rock; he wondered how it had seemed so large the night before; the morning star had set, and the sun shone with a clear and cheerful light upon the little flowers and blades of grass, which were heavy with the last night's rain; the birds sang, and the bees hummed in the blossoms of the lime tree.

The Prince walked home to his castle. He told his grandmother how he had been to the Garden of Paradise, and what had happened to him there, and what the old man with the black wings had said.

"This will do you more good than many book-lessons," said his grandmother; "never let it go out of thy memory!"

And the Prince never did forget it.

The Shepherdess and Chimney-Sweep.

HAVE you ever seen a very, very old clothespress, quite black with age, on which all sorts of flourishes and foliage were carved? Just such a one stood in a certain room. It had been handed down as a legacy to the owner from a great great grandmother, and it was carved from top to bottom with roses and tulips; the most curious flourishes

were to be seen on it, and between them little stags popped out their heads with zig-zag antlers.

But on the top a man at full length was carved. True he was laughable to look at; for he showed his teeth—laughing one could not call it—had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goat-legs, for this was a name difficult to pronounce, and there are very few who get the title: but to cut him out in wood—that was no trifle. However, there he was. He looked down upon the table and towards the mirror, for there a charming little porcelain Shepherdess was standing. Her shoes were gilded, her gown was tastefully looped up with a red rose, and she had a golden hat and cloak; in short, she was most exquisite.

Close by her stood a little Chimney-sweep, as black as a coal, although he was made of porcelain too. He was just as clean and pretty as the rest of them; as to his being a

chimney-sweep, that was only what he represented; and the porcelain manufacturer could just as well have made a prince of him as a chimney-sweep, if he had chosen; one was as easy as the other, to a clever workman.

There he stood so prettily with his ladder,* and with a little round face as fair and as rosy as that of the Shepherdess. In reality this was a fault; for a little black he certainly ought to have been. He was quite close to the Shepherdess; both stood where they had been placed; and as soon as they were put there, they had mutually promised each other eternal fidelity; for they suited each other exactly—they were young, they were of the same porcelain, and both equally fragile.

Close to them stood another figure three

* The flues in Germany are much larger than in the houses in England; so much so indeed, that men only are employed as sweeps. The lower part being very wide, they have short ladders of about eight feet in length to enable them to get up to the narrower part, where they then scramble on in the usual way.—C. B.

times as large as they were. It was an old Chinese, that could nod his head. He was made of porcelain too, and said that he was grandfather of the little Shepherdess; but this he could not prove. He asserted, moreover, that he had authority over her, and that was the reason he had nodded his assent to the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent-Goat-legs, who paid his addresses to the Shepherdess.

"In him," said the old Chinese, "you will have a husband who, I verily believe, is of mahogany. You will be Mrs. Goat-legs, the wife of a General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent, who has his shelves full of plate, besides what is hidden in secret drawers and recesses."

"I will not go into the dark cupboard," said the little Shepherdess; "I have heard say that he has eleven wives of porcelain in there already."

"Then you may be the twelfth," said the Chinese. "To-night, as soon as the old clothes-press cracks, as sure as I am a

Chinese, we will keep the wedding. And then he nodded his head, and fell asleep.

But the little Shepherdess wept, and looked at her beloved—at the porcelain Chimney-sweep.

"I implore you," said she, "fly hence with me into the wide world: for here it is impossible for us to remain."

"I will do all you ask," said the little Chimney-sweep. "Let us instantly leave this place. I think my trade will enable me to support you."

"If we were only down from the table," said she. "I shall not be happy till we are far from here, and free."

He consoled her, and showed her how she was to set her little foot on the carved border and on the gilded foliage which twined around the leg of the table, brought his ladder to her assistance, and at last both were on the floor; but when they looked towards the old clothes-press, they observed a great stir. All the carved stags stretched their heads out farther, raised their antlers, and turned round their heads. The Gen-

eral-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent gave a jump, and called to the old Chinese, "They are running away! they are running away!"

At this she grew a little frightened, and jumped quickly over the ridge into a low drawer near the window.

Here lay three or four packs of cards, which were not complete, and a little puppet-show, which was set up as well as it was possible to do. A play was being performed, and all the ladies, Diamonds as well as Hearts, Clubs and Spades, sat in the front row, and fanned themselves with the tulips they held in their hands, while behind them stood all the knaves ready to wait upon them when they wanted anything. The play was about two persons who could not have each other as they wished, at which the Shepherdess wept, for it was her own history.

"I cannot bear it any longer," said she; "I must get out of the drawer."

But when she had got down on the floor, and looked up to the table, she saw that

the old Chinese was awake, and that his whole body was rocking.

"The old Chinese is coming!" cried the little Shepherdess; and down she fell on her porcelain knee, so frightened was she.

"A thought has struck me," said the Chimney-sweep; "let us creep into the great Pot-pourri Jar that stands in the corner; there we can lie on roses and lavender, and if he comes after us, throw dust in his eyes."

"'Tis of no use," said she. "Besides, I know that the old Chinese and the Pot-pourri Jar were once betrothed; and when one has been once on such terms, a little regard always lingers behind. No; for us there is nothing left but to wander forth into the wide world."

"Have you really courage to go forth with me into the wide world?" asked the Chimney-sweep tenderly. "Have you considered how large it is, and that we can never come back here again?"

"I have thought of all that," said she.

And the Sweep gazed fixedly upon her,

and then said, "My way lies up the chimney. Have you really courage to go with me through the stove, and to creep through all the flues? We shall then get into the main flue, after which I am not at a loss what to do. Up we mount, then, so high that they can never reach us; and at the top is an opening that leads out into the world."

And he led her towards the door of the stove.

"It looks quite black," said she; but still she went with him, and on through all the intricacies of the interior, and through the flues, where a pitchy darkness reigned.

"We are now in the chimney," said he; "and behold, behold, above us is shining the loveliest star!"

It was a real star in the sky that shone straight down upon them, as if to show the way. They climbed and they crept higher and higher. It was a frightful way; but he lifted her up, he held her, and showed her the best places on which to put her little porcelain feet; and thus they reached

the top of the chimney, and seated themselves on the edge of it; for they were tired, which is not to be wondered at.

The heaven and all its stars were above them, and all the roofs of the town below them; they could see far around, they had such a splendid view of the world. The poor Shepherdess had never pictured it to herself thus; she leaned her little head on her Sweep, and wept so bitterly that all the gilding of her girdle came off.

"Oh, this is too much!" said she; "I cannot bear it. The world is too large. Oh, were I but again on the little table under the looking-glass! I shall never be happy till I am there again. I have followed you into the wide world; now if you really love me, you may follow me home again."

And the Chimney-sweep spoke sensibly to her, spoke to her about the old Chinese and the General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent; but she sobbed so violently, and kissed her little Sweep so passionately,

that he was obliged to give way, although it was not right to do so.

So now down they climbed again with great difficulty, crept through the flue and into the stove, where they listened behind the door, to discover if anybody was in the room. It was quite still; they peeped out, and there, on the floor, in the middle of the room, lay the old Chinese. He had fallen from the table in trying to follow the fugitives, and was broken in three pieces; his whole back was but a stump, and his head had rolled into a corner, while General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goat-legs was standing where he had ever stood, absorbed in thought.

"How dreadful!" said the little Shepherdess. "My old grandfather is dashed to pieces, and we are the cause. I never can survive the accident." And she wrung her little hands in agony.

"He can be mended," said the Chimney-sweep; "he can easily be mended. Only do not be so hasty. If they glue his back together, and rivet his neck well, he will be

as good as new, and will be able to say enough disagreeable things to us for some time to come."

"Do you think so?" said she; and then they clambered up again to the table on which they had stood before.

"You see," said the Sweep, "we might have spared ourselves these disagreeables, after all."

"If we had but mended my old grandfather!" said the Shepherdess. "Does it cost much?"

And mended he was. The family had his back glued, and his neck riveted, so that he was as good as new, except that he could not nod.

"Meseems, you have grown haughty since you were dashed to pieces," said General-clothes-press-inspector-head-superintendent Goat-legs. "However, I think there is not so very much to be proud of. Am I to have her, or am I not?"

Then the Chimney-sweep and the little Shepherdess looked so touchingly at the old Chinese; they were so afraid he would nod!

But he could not, and it was disagreeable to him to tell a stranger that he constantly carried a rivet in his neck. So the little porcelain personages remained together. They blessed the old grandfather's rivet over and over again, and loved each other till they both fell to pieces.

Little Ida's Flowers.

"MY poor flowers, you are wither'd!" said little Ida. "Yesterday evening you were so pretty, and now all your leaves are drooping! What is the reason of it?" asked she of a youth sitting on a sofa, and whom she liked very much, because he told her the most beautiful fairy-tales, and cut out pasteboard houses for her, and such wonderful pictures too; he could

cut out hearts with little ladies dancing in them; flowers he could cut out, and castles with doors that would open. He was a very charming youth.

"Why do these flowers look so faded?" asked she again, showing him a withered nosegay.

"Don't you know what ails them?" answered he; "your flowers have been all night at a ball, and that's the reason they all hang their heads."

"Flowers cannot dance!" exclaimed little Ida.

"Certainly they can! When it is dark, and we are all asleep, then they dance about right merrily. They have a ball almost every night!" said the youth.

"May children go to the flowers' ball too?" asked little Ida.

"Yes," answered the youth. "Little tiny daisies, and lilies of the valley."

"Where do the prettiest flowers dance?" asked little Ida.

"Have you never been to the large castle, just outside the gates, which is the King's

country-house, and where there is a beautiful garden with so many flowers in it? You have surely seen the swans that come swimming towards you on the lake when you throw them crumbs of bread? The flowers have regular balls there, I can tell you."

"I was in the garden yesterday with my mother," said Ida; "but there were no leaves on the trees, and I did not see a single flower. Where were they, then? There were so many of them there in summer!"

"They are in the palace now," said the youth. "As soon as the King leaves his summer-palace, and goes to town with his court, all the flowers go directly out of the garden into the palace, and make merry there, and enjoy themselves famously. If you could but see it once! The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and play at King and Queen. Then the red cockscombs range themselves in rows on both sides, and make a low bow; these are the gentlemen of the bed-

chamber. Then the nicest flowers enter, and the great ball begins. The blue violets are midshipmen and cadets, and they dance with hyacinths and crocuses, which they call young ladies. The tulips and great yellow lilies, they are old ladies who look on and see that the dancing goes on properly, and that all is conducted with propriety."

"But," said little Ida, quite astonished, "may the flowers give a ball in the King's palace in that way, and does nobody come in to disturb them?"

"No one in the palace knows anything about it," answered the youth. "It's true, sometimes the old inspector of the palace comes up stairs in the night with his great bunch of keys, to see if all is safe; but as soon as the flowers hear the rattling of his keys, they keep quite still, and hide themselves behind the long silken window-curtains, and peep out with their little heads. 'I smell flowers here somewhere about,' says the old inspector; but he cannot find out where they are."

"That's very droll," said little Ida, clapping her hands. "But could I not see the flowers?"

"Of course you can see them," answered the youth. "Only peep in at the window when you go again to the palace. I looked in to-day, and I saw a long pale white lily reclining on the sofa. That was a maid of honor."

"Can the flowers in the Botanic Garden go there too?" asked she. "Are they able to go all that way?"

"Certainly, that you may believe," said the youth, "for if the flowers choose, they can fly. Have you not seen the pretty red and yellow butterflies, and the white ones too, that almost look like flowers, are in reality nothing else. They have grown on stalks, high up in the air, and then they have leave given them to jump from their stems, they move their leaves as if they were wings, and so fly about; and as they always behave well, they are allowed to flutter hither and thither by day, instead of sitting quietly on their stems, till at last real

wings grow out of their leaves. Why, you have seen it often enough yourself. However, it may be that the flowers in the Botanic Garden did not know that there was such merry-making in the King's palace of a night, and so have never been there. But I'll tell you something that will put the Professor of Botany, who lives beside the garden, into a perplexity: when you go there again, you have only to whisper it to one flower, that there is a ball to be given at night at Friedricksburg, and one will tell it to the other till they all know it, and then all the flowers are sure to fly there. Then when the Professor comes into the garden, and does not find any of his flowers, he will not be able to comprehend what is become of them."

"Ah!" said little Ida, somewhat vexed at the strange story, "how should the flowers be able to tell each other what I say? Flowers cannot speak!"

"No, they cannot properly talk: there you are quite right," continued the youth; "but they make themselves understood by

gestures. Have you not often seen how they bend to and fro, and nod and move all their green leaves, when there is the gentlest breeze? To them this is as intelligible as words are to us."

"Does the Professor understand their gestures, then?" said little Ida.

"To be sure he does. One morning he came into the garden and remarked that a great stinging-nettle was conversing on very intimate terms with a pretty young carnation. 'You are so beautiful,' said the nettle to the carnation, 'and I love you so devotedly!' But the Professor would not suffer any thing of the sort, and tapped the nettle on his leaves—for those are its fingers; but they stung him so that from that day forward he has never ventured to meddle with a stinging-nettle again."

"Ha! ha! ha! that was good fun indeed," laughed little Ida.

"What's the meaning of this," said the Professor of Mathematics, who had just come to pay a visit, "to tell the child such nonsense!" He could not bear the young

man, and always scolded when he saw him cutting out pasteboard figures—as, for example, a man on the gallows with a heart in his hand, which was meant for a stealer of hearts; or an old witch riding on a broomstick, carrying her husband on the tip of her nose. The cross Professor could not bear any of these, and then he used to say as he did now, "What's the meaning of that—to teach the child such nonsense! That's your stupid Imagination, I suppose!"

But little Ida thought it was very amusing, and could not leave off thinking of what the youth had told her about the flowers. No doubt her flowers did hang their heads because they really had been to the ball yesterday. She therefore carried them to the table where all sorts of toys were nicely arranged, and in the drawer were many pretty things besides. Her doll lay in a little bed, to go to sleep; but Ida said to her, "Really, Sophie, you must get up, and be satisfied with the drawer for to-night; for the poor flowers are ill, and

must sleep in your bed. Then perhaps they may be well by to-morrow."

So she took the doll out of bed; but the good lady did not say a single word, she only made a wry face at being obliged to leave her bed for the sake of the old flowers.

Ida laid the withered flowers in her doll's bed, covered them up with the counterpane, tucked them in very nicely, and told them to lie quite still, and in the meantime she would make some tea for them to drink, that they might be quite well by to-morrow morning. And she drew the curtains close all round the bed, so that the sun might not shine in their eyes.

The whole evening she kept on thinking of what she had heard, and just before going to bed she ran to the window where her mother's tulips and hyacinths were standing, and she whispered quite softly to them, "I know very well that you are going to the ball to-night." But the flowers seemed as if they heard nothing, and moved

not a leaf;—but little Ida knew what she knew.

When she was in bed she lay for a long time thinking how delightful it would be to see the flowers dancing at the King's palace.

"Have my flowers really been there?" But before she could think about the answer, she had fallen asleep. She awoke again in the night; she had dreamed of the youth and the flowers, and the professor of Mathematics, who always said the youth stuffed her head with nonsense, and that she believed every thing. It was quite still in the sleeping-room; the night-lamp burnt on the table, and her father and mother were fast asleep.

"I wonder if my flowers are still in Sophie's bed!" said she. "I should like so much to know!"

She sat up in her bed, looked towards the door which was half open, and there lay the flowers and her playthings all as she had left them. She listened, and it seemed to her as if some one was playing on the

piano in the next room, but quite softly, and yet so beautifully that she thought she had never heard the like.

"Now, then, my flowers are all dancing for certain!" said she. "Oh, how I should like to go and see them!" But she did not dare to get up, for fear of awaking her father and mother.

"If they would but come in here!" said she. But the flowers did not come, and the music continued to sound so sweetly. At last she could bear it no longer, it was so delightful—see the dance she must; so she crept noiselessly out of bed, and glided towards the door of the drawing-room. And what wonders did she behold!

The night-lamp burned no longer; and yet it was quite light in the room, because the moon shone through the window and illuminated the whole floor, so it was almost as light as day. All the hyacinths and tulips stood in two rows in the drawing-room, and before the windows was nothing but the empty flower-pots. The flowers danced figures, one round another on the

floor; they made a regular chain and held each other by the long leaves.

At the piano sat a large yellow lily, that Ida thought she had seen before; for she remembered that the youth had once told her that this lily was like Miss Laura, and that every body had laughed at him for saying so. Now, it seemed to her that the tall lily really was like the young lady, and that she had quite the same manners when she played; for now she bent her long sallow face first on one side and then on the other, and nodded with her head to keep time; Ida stood looking in upon them, but not one of them observed her.

Now a large blue crocus sprang upon the table where Ida's toys were lying, went straight to the bed, and drew aside the curtains. There lay the sick flowers; but they got up directly and saluted the other flowers, who begged them to join the dance. The old snapdragon, whose under lip was broken off, stood up and bowed to the pretty flowers. The sick flowers really did get up

looked no longer ill, and danced merrily with the rest.

Suddenly a dull sound was heard, as if something had fallen from the table. Ida cast her eyes in that direction, and saw that it was the Easter-wand she had found lying on her bed one shrovetide morning, and which now wanted to be looked upon as a flower. It was indeed a charming rod; for at the top a little wax figure was hidden, with a broad-brimmed hat on like the Professor: and it was tied with red and blue ribands. So it hopped about among the flowers, and stamped away right merrily with its feet; for it was the mazourka that it was dancing, and this the flowers could not dance, for they were much too light-footed.

All at once the wax figure in the rod became a tall and stout giant, and cried out with a loud voice, "What's the meaning of this—to teach the child such nonsense! But this is your stupid Imagination, I suppose!" And now the doll grew just like the Professor, and looked as yellow and

cross as he did: they were as like as two peas. But the paper flowers with which the rod was ornamented pinched his thin lanky legs, and then he shrunk together and was a tiny wax doll again.

Little Ida thought this scene so funny that she burst out a laughing, which, however, the company did not remark; for the rod kept on stamping, till at last the Professor of Mathematics was obliged to dance too, whether he made himself stout or thin, big or little, he was forced to keep on, till at last the flowers begged for him, and the rod then left him in peace.

A loud knocking was now heard in the drawer where the doll lay; and with this the snap-dragon run up to the corner of the table and opened the drawer a little. It was Sophie, who, putting out her head, looked around quite astonished:

"Is there a ball here?" said she "why was I not told of it?"

"Will you dance with me?" said the nut-crackers.

"A fine sort of person indeed to dance

with!" said Sophie, turning her back on him. She seated herself on the drawer, and thought that some one of the flowers would certainly come and engage her to dance. But no one came. So she coughed a little: "A-hem! a-hem!" Still none came. Then the nutcrackers began dancing alone, and he performed his steps by no means badly.

When Sophie saw that not one of the flowers came to offer himself as partner, she suddenly slipped down on the floor, so that there was a terrible fuss, and all the flowers came running up and gathered around her to inquire if she had hurt or bruised herself. She was not hurt at all; but all the flowers were very complaisant, particularly those belonging to Ida, who took this opportunity to thank her for the nice bed in which they had slept so quietly; and then they paid her so much attention and they took her by the hand, and led her to the dance, while all the other flowers stood round in a circle. Sophie was now quite happy, and begged Ida's flowers to make use of her bed after

the ball, as she, for her part, did not at all mind sleeping one night in the drawer.

But the flowers said: "We are very much obliged to you indeed; but we shall not live so long, for to-morrow we shall be quite withered. But now tell little Ida that she must bury us down in her garden near her canary-bird; there we shall appear again next summer, and grow more beautiful than we were this year."

"No, you shall not die!" continued Sophie vehemently, kissing the flowers.

Suddenly the door of the drawing-room opened, and a great crowd of beautiful flowers came dancing in. Ida could not comprehend where these flowers came from, unless they were the flowers from the King's pleasure-grounds. First of all entered two magnificent roses with golden crowns on, they were a King and a Queen; and then followed stocks and pinks bowing on every side. They had too a band of music with them: large poppies and peonies blew upon peashells till they were red in the face, and lilies of the valley and blue-

bells joined their tinkling sounds, and rung as if they were musical bells. It was charming music.

Then came a crowd of the most various flowers, all dancing,—violets, daisies, convolvuluses, hyacinths; and they all moved and turned about so prettily, and kissed one another, that it was quite a charming sight.

At last the happy flowers wished each other good night; and now little Ida slipped into the bed again, and dreamed of all the splendid things she had just beheld.

The following morning, as soon as she was up and dressed, she went to the table where her playthings were, to see if her flowers were still there. She drew the bed-curtains aside, and—yes! the flowers were there, but they were much more withered than they were yesterday. Sophie, too, was in the drawer, but she looked dreadfully sleepy.

"Can't you remember what you had to say to me?" asked little Ida. Sophie, how-

ever, only looked very stupid, and did not answer a word.

"You are not at all good," said Ida, "and yet all the flowers asked you to dance with them."

Then she chose a little box of pasteboard from among her playthings; it was painted with birds, and in it she laid the withered flowers."

"That shall be your coffin," she said; "and when my cousins from Norway come to see me, they shall go to your funeral in the garden; so that next summer you may bloom again, and grow more beautiful than you were this year."

The cousins from Norway were two merry boys, Jonas and Esben. Their father had just made each of them a present of a bow and arrows, which they brought with them to show to Ida. She told them all about the poor flowers that were dead, and that she was going to bury in the garden. The two boys went before with the bows on their shoulders, and little Ida followed with the dead flowers in the pretty little

box. A grave was dug in the garden. Ida kissed the flowers once more, put the box into the earth, and Jonas and Esben shot over the grave with their bows, for they had no guns or cannons.

The Daisy.

NOW LISTEN!

OUT in the country, close to the road-side, there stands a country house. I am sure you have often seen it; in front there is a little flower-garden, enclosed by white palisades with the points painted green. Close by,

on a bank outside the palings, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little Daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its delicate white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays of light.

It never once occurred to the little flower that it was seen by nobody, hidden as it was down there in the grass, and that it was a poor despised flower! No, nothing of the kind!

It was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little Daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school; and while they sat there on their forms and learned their lessons, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun and from all around, how good God is; and it was just

as if the lark uttered all this in its song, beautifully and distinctly, while the flower felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do the same.

"Do I not see and hear?" thought the Daisy; "the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me,—oh, what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the palisading of the garden stood many stiff stately flowers: the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves out, in order to make themselves larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail any thing. The tulips were of the most beautiful colors; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen all the better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little Daisy-flower outside; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those

are! Yes, to be sure, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendor." And just as it was thinking so,—"*quirre-vit!*" down came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but down into the grass to the poor little Daisy, which for pure joy was so astonished that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: "Well! how soft the grass is! and only look, what a sweet little flower with a golden heart and with a robe of silver!" For the yellow spot in the Daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around were shining, and as white as silver.

How happy the little Daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the Daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and

yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden: they had beheld the honor and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend, she thought, what a joy it was to her; but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the Daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower, however, could see very plainly that they were not in a good humor, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife in her hand, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

"Ah!" sighed the little Daisy, "this is really terrible; now it is all over with them."

Then the girl with the tulips went away. The Daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor

little flower;—it was quite thankful: and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the Sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the bright sunshine and clear blue air, it recognized the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be sad: he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window in the pleasure-house. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom, sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings which he used to make on his wings, high up in the free air. The poor bird was heavy of heart: there he sat a captive in a narrow cage.

The little Daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. In sympathizing with the lark, it forgot entirely how beautiful was every thing around it, how warm the sun

shone, and how beautifully white its own leaves glistened:—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing any thing.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little Daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all around the Daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

"Pull up the flower," said one boy; and the Daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

"No, let it stay," said the other boy; "it looks so pretty." And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his

lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water here," said the imprisoned lark; "they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things that God has created!" And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the Daisy, and the bird nodded to it and kissed it, and said: "You also must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had out there! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree, every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only remind me how much I have lost!"

"What can I do to comfort him?" thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and tore up every green blade of grass in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little Daisy.

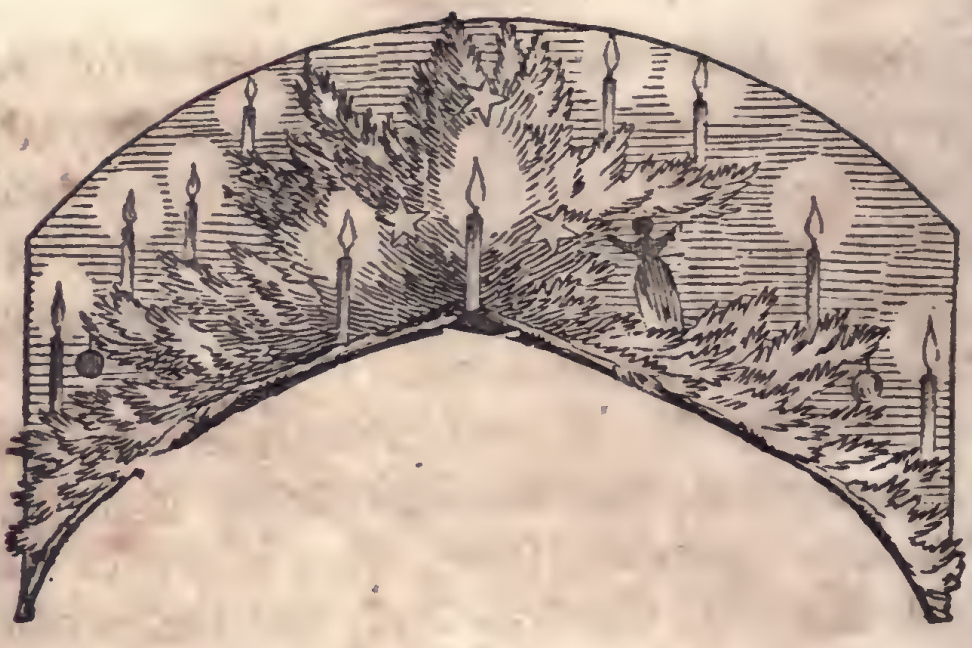
It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttertered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the Daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for thirst and longing.

Then the flower was not able as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug for it a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body

of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box;—he was to be buried royally, the poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honor and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the Daisy was thrown out into the dust of the highway; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.



New Year's Eve.

[These touching stanzas are a translation, or rather adaptation, of Andersen's story of the "Little Match Girl." They were originally published in the Boston Transcript.]

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street,
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is on her feet.

New Year's Eve.

The rows of long dark houses,
  Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
  By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses
  The wind is from the north;
But no one cares for Gretchen,
  And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark damp houses
  Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
  The old year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty,
  Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
  And the beggars in the street.

With the little box of matches,
  She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle,
  The wind blows every way.

New Year's Eve.

She clingeth to the railing,
  She shivers in the gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly
  By firelight in the room:

And groups of busy children,
  Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
  Against their burning lips;

With grave and earnest faces,
  Are whispering each other,
Of presents for the new year, made
  For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
  And no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whisperers
  Comes warmly to her cheek:

No little arms are round her,
  Ah me! that there should be
With so much happiness on earth,
  So much of misery.

New Year's Eve.

Sure they of many blessings,
  Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in Autumn fling
  Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
  To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones,
  And bounty to his poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen
  Goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her,
  There's no one bids her stay.

. . . . . .

Her home is cold and desolate,
  No smile, no food, no fire;
But children clamorous for bread,
  And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle,
  Where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her,
  For warmth, her little feet.

And she looketh on the cold wall,
And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly,
Up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.

Then all the bells together,
Their merry music poured;
They were ringing in the feast,
The circumcision of the Lord.

And she thought as she sat lonely,
And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
To hear in the olden time.

And she remembered her of tales,
Her mother used to tell,
And the cradle songs she sang,
When summer's twilight fell.

New Year's Eve.

Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild.

Who was poor, and cold, and hungry,
And desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told,
He was ever with his own.

And all the poor and hungry,
And forsaken ones are his:
"How good of him to look on me,
In such a place as this."

Colder it grows and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her,
And see if He were there.

New Year's Eve.

The single match has kindled,
And by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen,
The wall was rent in two.

And she could see the room within,
The room all warm and bright,
With the fire-glow red, and dusky,
And the tapers all alight.

And there were kindred gathered,
Round the table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands,
Red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor,
She could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again,
The match had burned away.

She struck another hastily,
And now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber,
A glorious Christmas tree.

New Year's Eve.

The branches were all laden
With such things as children prize,
Bright gift for boy and maiden,
She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them,
And to join the welcome shout;
When darkness fell around her,
For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she
Has tried, they will not light,
Till all her little store she took,
And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place
Was lighted with the glare,
And lo, there hung a little child
Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on his forehead,
And a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet,
And in his hands spread wide.

And he looked upon her gently,
And she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow,
Ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board,
And to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said,
"Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail,
She felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears,
Like her dead mother's hymn.

And she folded both her thin white hands.
And turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said,
"With Thee, with Thee, O Lord."

The chilly winter morning
Breaks up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapt in vapor,
On the spot where Gretchen lies.

New Year's Eve.

The night was wild and stormy,
The morn is cold and gray,
And good church bells are ringing,
Christ's circumcision day.

And holy men were praying
In many a holy place;
And little children's angels
Sing songs before his face.

In her scant and tattered garment,
With her back against the wall;
She sitteth cold and rigid,
She answers not their call;

They have lifted her up fearfully,
They shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night,
The child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting,
For one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night,
Would no one let her in?"

And they shuddered as they spoke of her,
And sighed; they could not see,
How much of happiness there was,
With so much misery.

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